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NATURE OF THE BEAST!

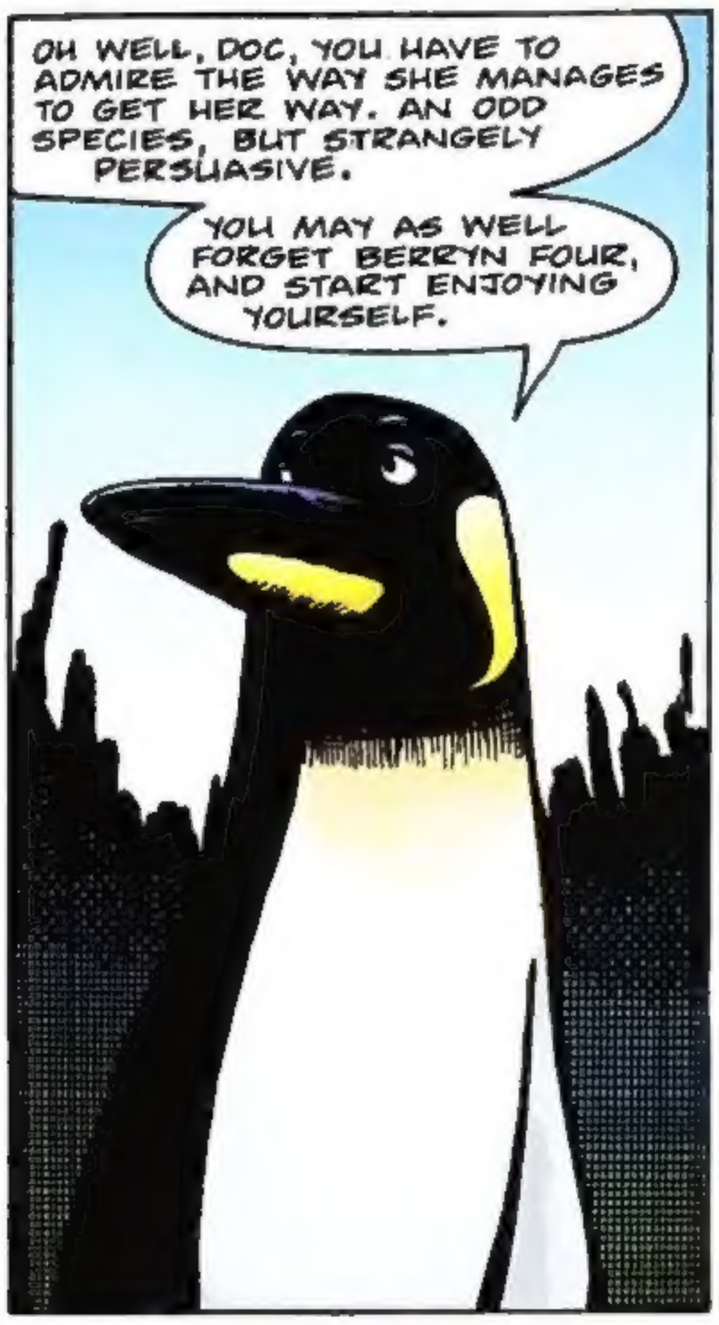
EPISODE ONE

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

DOCTOR—THIS IS **PERFECT!** YOU'VE FINALLY GOT IT RIGHT!

GOT WHAT RIGHT?

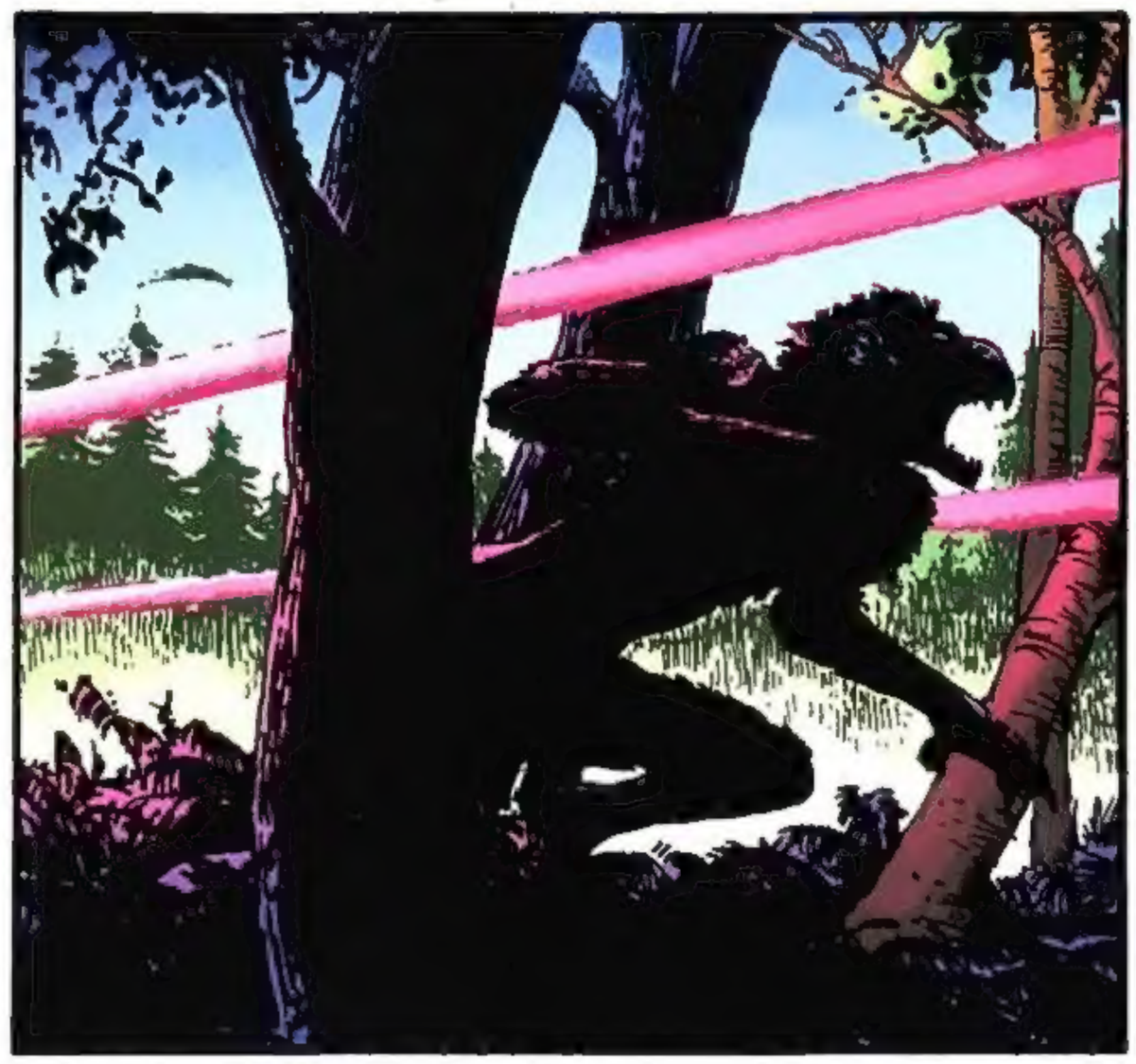
SCRIPT: SIMON FURMAN
ART: JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR: SHEILA CRANNA


OH WELL, DOC, YOU HAVE TO ADMIRE THE WAY SHE MANAGES TO GET HER WAY. AN ODD SPECIES, BUT STRANGELY PERSUASIVE.
YOU MAY AS WELL FORGET BERRYN FOUR, AND START ENJOYING YOURSELF.

MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY. AND THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN IS WITH A PICNIC.

COME ALONG NOW, DOCTOR. STOP DRAGGING YOUR FEET. WE'LL FIND OURSELVES A NICE SPOT AND...
ERMM, DOCTOR... YOU ARE SURE THIS PLANET HAS NO HOSTILE INHABITANTS, AREN'T YOU? IT SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
HMMM? OH YES...

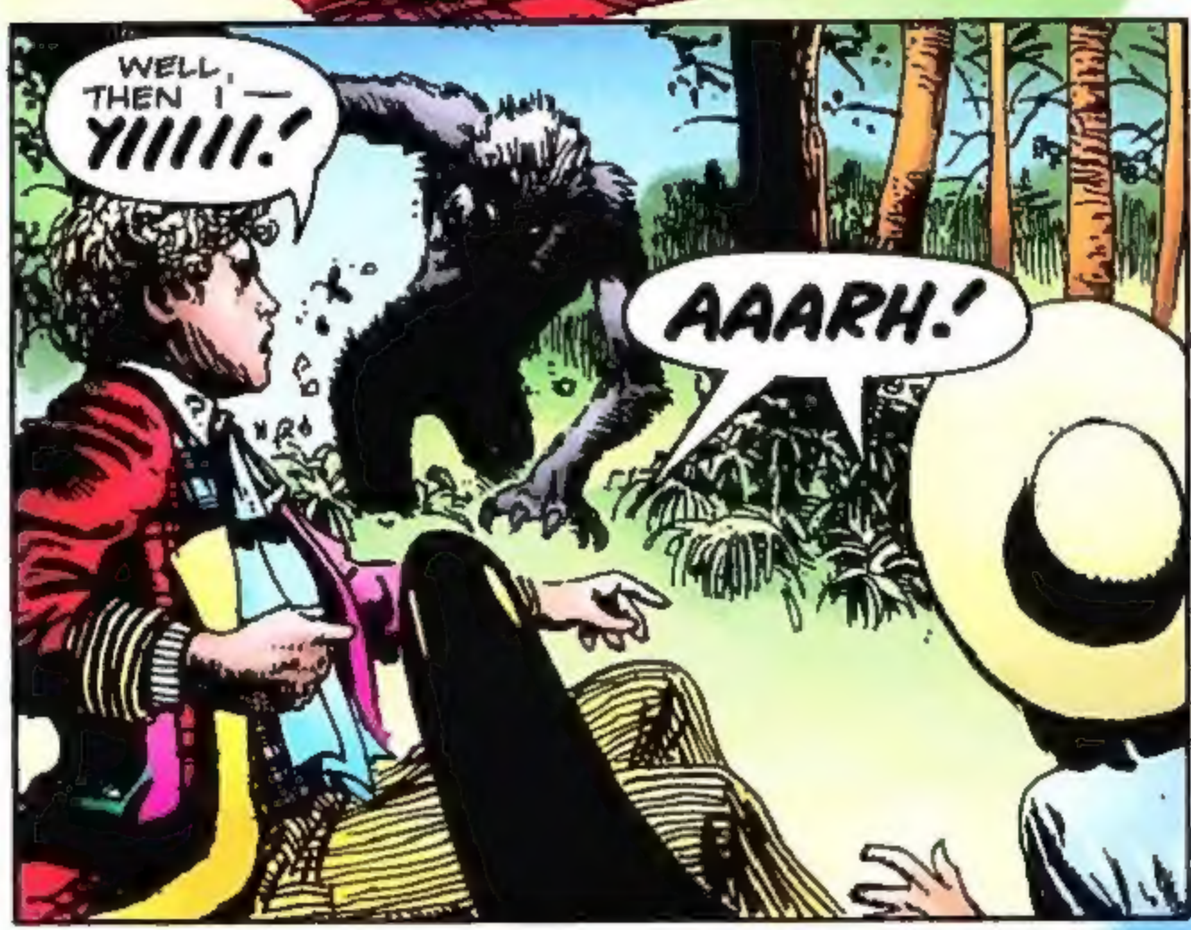
"THERE'S NOTHING IN THE LEAST BIT DANGEROUS HERE!"



...IF YOU PICTURE THE SCENE. THERE WE WERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERTED LONDON, LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF CYBERMEN ALL AROUND US. U.N.I.T. WERE OUT OF THEIR DEPTH AND IT FELL TO ME TO...

I THINK I PREFER HIM DEPRESSED. IF I HEAR THIS STORY ONE MORE TIME...
I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T JUST SHAPE-SHIFTED TO A BARUSIAN BURROWING WORM AND –
OH, FROBISHER, I'M SORRY.

I FORGOT ABOUT YOUR MONO-MORPHIA. IT MUST BE TERRIBLE WITH ALL YOUR POTENTIAL AND POWER, TO BE STUCK AS A PENGUIN.
AWW, THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGISE. I SORTA LIKE THIS FORM, AT LEAST IT BRINGS A CERTAIN STABILITY TO LIFE...


WELL, THEN I — YIIIII!
AAARH!

DOCTOR! WHAT IS IT?

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GOT NO MANNERS. IT'S JUST RUINED A PERFECTLY GOOD PRENUVIAN PATÉ.

AHH, NOW I HAVE YOU!

ROWWR!
FSHAAAR!

AND NOW, IN THE NAME OF HIGH LORD MACKAL, WHOSE HOUSE YOU HAVE SO GRIEVOUSLY DECIMATED...

I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH.

THAT'S IT, COMMANDER, DESTROY THE ABOMINATION...
KILL IT!
YES. KILL IT NOW.
NO... NO...

NO!

NOOO! DOCTOR, YOU CAN'T LET THEM KILL IT! IT'S HELPLESS... IT'D BE MURDER.
DO SOMETHING!
B-BUT... WHAT?

WHAT CAN I DO? AAH...

IT'S BEEN A WHILE... BUT AS THEY SAY, ONCE YOU PICK UP A SKILL...

YOU NEVER LOSE IT.

AHHH! WHAT ON VYYRIN?

UNNGH...
LOOK OUT, THE BEAST... IT'S GETTING AWAY!

IT'S TRAPPED. I'LL GET IT!

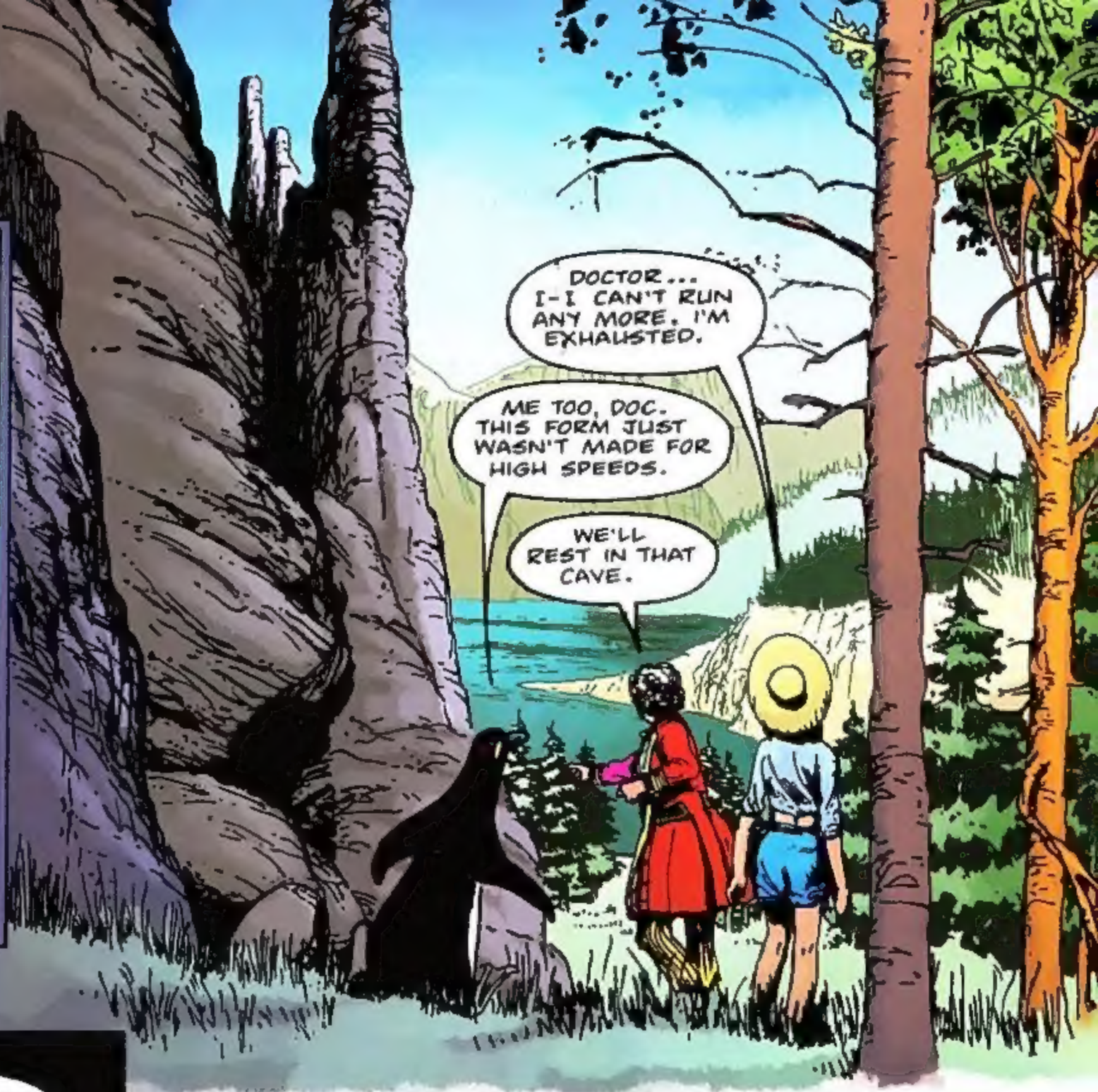
THROOM!

YOU YOUNG IDIOT. THE KILL WAS RIGHTFULLY MINE. NOT ONLY DID YOU INTERFERE BUT WORSE, YOU MESSED IT UP!

I HOPE YOU REALISE THAT IF WE DON'T BRING BACK THAT CREATURE'S CORPSE, ALL OUR HEADS WILL ROLL. WAR-LORD MACKAL IS NOT KNOWN FOR HIS MERCY.
NOW, WHO THREW THE ROCK THAT RUINED MY AIM?
ER, COMMANDER HON...

IT WAS THEM.

DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU LOT EVERYTHING?!
YOU THREE... AFTER THEM. I WANT THEM ALIVE. THE REST OF YOU WITH ME... WE'VE A KILLER TO CATCH!


DOCTOR... I-I CAN'T RUN ANY MORE. I'M EXHAUSTED.
ME TOO, DOC. THIS FORM JUST WASN'T MADE FOR HIGH SPEEDS.
WE'LL REST IN THAT CAVE.

WE CAN'T STAY HERE LONG. IF ANYONE FOLLOWS US IN, WE'RE TRAPPED.
OHHH... DOCTOR!
SOONER WE'RE BACK AT THE TARDIS...

PERHAPS WE SHOULD JUST EDGE OUT OF HERE... SLOWLY.
HMM. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HURT ME, ARE YOU?

YOU'RE INTELLIGENT, AREN'T YOU? I DETECTED IT WHEN I SAW YOU IN THE CLEARING. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING... YOU ALSO KNOW I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY.

RRRRRR
DON'T YOU?

RAAHAR!
NEXT: WOLF IN THE FOLD!

NATURE OF THE BEAST!

EPISODE TWO

HE HAD BEEN SO CERTAIN. LONG AGO HE HAD LEARNT TO LOOK FURTHER THAN THE EVIDENCE OF HIS OWN EYES; SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE NATURE OF THOSE HE ENCOUNTERED ON HIS FORAYS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.

AND SO, WHEN HE FIRST CAME ACROSS THIS CREATURE, HE SAW NOT A SAVAGE, FERAL BEAST, BUT AN INTELLIGENT BEING — FILLED WITH FEAR... AND SADNESS. HE HAD BEEN SO CERTAIN.

GRUDGINGLY HE ADMITS TO HIMSELF HE HAS BEEN WRONG BEFORE!

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BUT PERHAPS THIS TIME...

HIS FAITH IN HIS OWN INTUITION IS JUSTIFIED.

GAAAAK!

WHAT IN THE -?
GNN—!
CHAE! OBEN! DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU FOOLS... SHOOT THE BRUTE!
BUT COMMANDER HON... THE PRISONERS?
IDIOTS! INCOMPETENTS! THAT'S TWICE NOW YOU'VE LET THAT CREATURE SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS. WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN IF WE DON'T DESTROY THAT THING!
ER, SHOULD WE PURSUE IT?
NO. THIS BEING IS EVIDENTLY IN LEAGUE WITH THE BEAST. BRING HIS COHORTS, WE'LL INTERROGAT THEM BACK AT THE BASE.
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'LL HAVE MY CULPRIT...

AND SO THE INTERROGATION TOOK PLACE...

ONCE MORE — YOU CONTROL THAT BEAST. YOU ORDERED THE DEATH OF THE LADY IRNA.

YOU THREE ARE A MERCENARY UNIT EMPLOYED EITHER BY A PLANET THAT HAS ALREADY SUCCUMBED TO MACKAL'S MIGHT, OR — MORE LIKELY — ONE THAT WILL SOON FALL, WHEN THE ARMY'S ADVANCE CONTINUES ONCE MORE ACROSS THE GALAXY.

AND THE BEAST. HMMM, YES. THE BEAST IS A PREDATORY ANIMAL NATIVE TO YOUR WORLD, IMPORTED WITH THE PURPOSE OF SLAYING MACKAL'S LADY AND HALTING THAT ADVANCE.

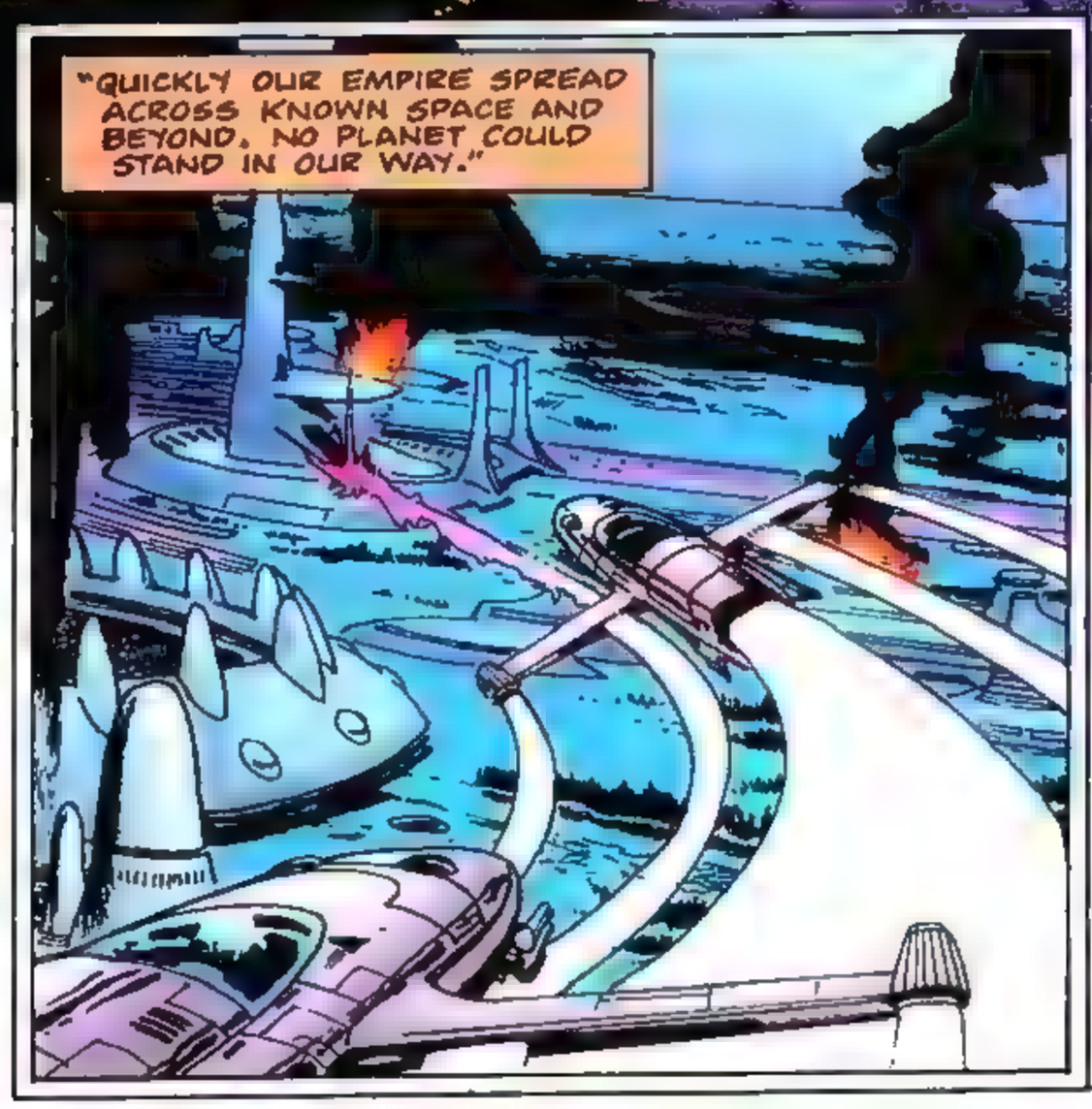
UTTER NONSENSE.

WE ARE THREE TRAVELLERS WHO ALIGHTED UPON THIS PLANET UNDERSTANDING IT TO BE PEACEFUL AND UNINHABITED, SEEKING ONLY A BRIEF RESPITE FROM OUR ARDUOUS JOURNEYS. THE HYPOTHESIS YOU'VE FORMULATED IS A FANTASY.

SILENCE!

MY FAN—, MY DEDUCTIONS ARE NOT OPEN TO QUESTION. YOU THREE ARE ASSASSINS AND YOU WILL BE SUMMARILY EXECUTED AS SUCH.
AND ANYWAY, IF YOU CLAIM TO HAVE ARRIVED ONLY RECENTLY ON THIS WORLD, WHY DID GARZI, MY FAITHFUL SCIENCE OFFICER, NOT TRACK YOUR PLANETFALL, EH?
NO—YOU WERE HERE BEFORE WE SET UP THE SECURITY GRID THROUGH THE PLANET'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE
THAT'S NOT SO! YOU SEE, WE ARRIVED IN A CRAFT THAT MOVES THROUGH--
LUD, SILENCE HER! I DON'T WISH TO HEAR MORE. YOU THREE ARE A GIFT FROM THE GODS THAT MAY YET SAVE OUR LIVES.
ERMM, IF WE ARE TO DIE... PERHAPS YOU'D FILL US IN ON THE BACK-GROUND TO OUR IMPENDING EXECUTION.
VERY WELL. WE ARE THE YL-CAAN, A WARRIOR RACE BRED FOR COMBAT. THE NEIGHBOURING PLANETS IN OUR SYSTEM FELL SWIFTLY BENEATH OUR MIGHT, AND WE SOON BEGAN TO LOOK TO OTHER GALAXIES TO SATE OUR LOVE OF BATTLE AND CONQUEST.
BUT OUR TECHNOLOGY WAS TOO LIMITED, AND THE VAST GULFS OF SPACE PROVED AN IMPASSABLE OBSTACLE.
"UNTIL, THAT IS, OUR WAR-LORD —MACKAL— MARRIED THE LADY IRNA, CEMENTING AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN OUR RACE AND HERS— THE CAYNON."

"THE CAYNON HAD MASTERED THE TECHNIQUES OF TRAVEL THROUGH WARP SPACE, COVERING VAST DISTANCES IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE. UNITING, OUR VAST ARMADAS CLEARED THE WAY TO THE CONQUEST OF WORLDS AND GALAXIES, NO MATTER HOW DISTANT."



"WE SIX WERE CHARGED WITH GUARDING THE LADY IRNA WHILE THE CURE TOOK EFFECT. THERE WAS TO BE NO MARGIN FOR ERROR; IF SHE DIED, WE WOULD LOSE OUR OWN LIVES SOON AFTER."

"OUR MEDICAL OFFICER, *LUPE* TOOK GREAT PAINS TO SEE THAT SHE WAS GIVEN CARE AND ATTENTION ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY. THE IMPROVEMENT IN HER CONDITION WAS NOTHING SHORT OF MIRACULOUS."

"SO MARKED WAS THE IMPROVEMENT, SHE WAS SOON ALLOWED TO TAKE WALKS OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND."

"A FATAL MISTAKE."

"INTELLIGENCE REPORTS HAD SHOWN THE PLANET TO BE FREE OF HOSTILE LIFEFORMS. EVIDENTLY THEY WERE WRONG."

OUR ONLY HOPE OF SALVATION LAY IN RETRIBUTION. IF WE COULD HAVE BROUGHT MACKAL THE CREATURE'S HEAD, HE MIGHT YET HAVE SPARED US. YOU THREE DENIED US THAT CHANCE.

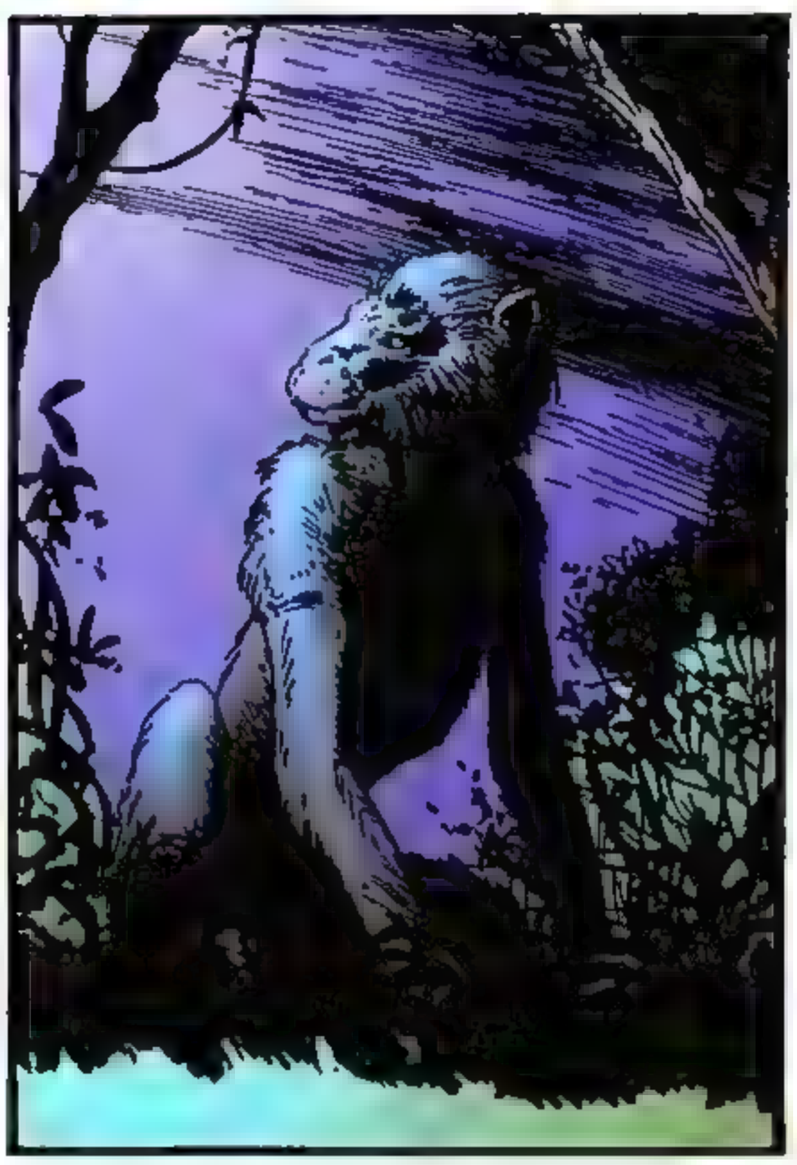
AH, I SEE. AND NOW YOU HAVE SOMETHING EVEN BETTER... PASS US OFF AS ENEMY AGENTS AND HAVE US EXECUTED BEFORE A FULL INVESTIGATION CAN INVALIDATE YOUR STORY AND MACKAL WILL PARDON YOU.

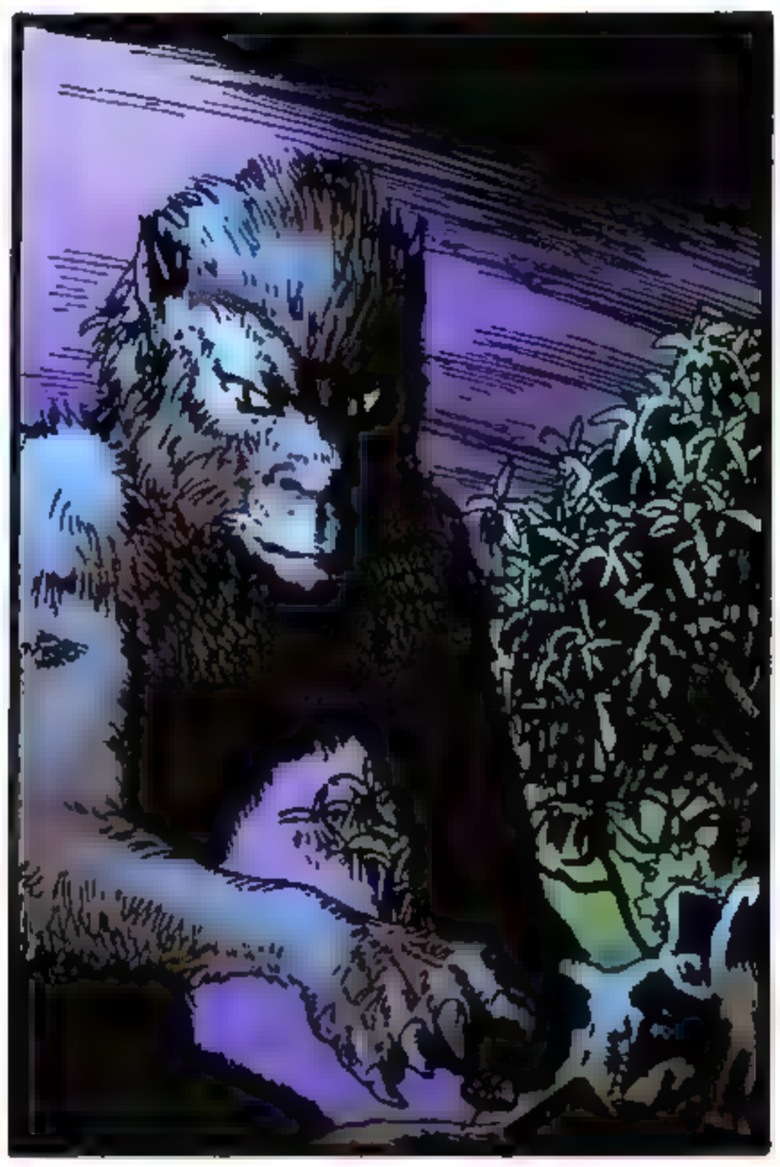
QUITE SO. YOU WILL BE EXECUTED SHORTLY, THEN I WILL MAKE MY REPORT.

TAKE THEM AWAY.

DO YOU MEN AGREE WITH THIS BLATANT DECEPTION? WILL YOU STAND BY AND WATCH US SACRIFICED IN A BID TO SAVE YOUR LIVES?

HAVE YOU NO HONOUR, NO SELF RESPECT?!





... AND YOU CAN'T EVEN ORGANISE A SIMPLE ***HOLIDAY***. NO, WE'RE ATTACKED BY STRANGE CREATURES, HUNTED AND IMPRISONED BY SOLDIERS, SENTENCED TO...

DOCTOR! ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

HMMM? OH YES... ER, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING AGAIN?

OH, ***HONESTLY!***

NEXT: A WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

THIS IS COMMANDER HON MAKING THE FINAL REPORT FOR UNIT SEVEN-TWO OF THE YL-CAAN SPACE ARMADA.
THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF THE LADY IRNA — WIFE OF OUR NOBLE WAR-LORD MACKAL — HAVE ESCAPED. THE EVIDENCE STRONGLY SUPPORTS A THEORY THAT THEY WERE AIDED BY MY OWN MEDICAL OFFICER, LUPE.

RRRRRR!

WE HAVE FAILED. OUR MISSION TO SAFEGUARD THE LIFE OF THE LADY IRNA HAS ENDED IN DISGRACE AND DISHONOUR, WITHOUT EVEN THE EXECUTION OF HER MURDERERS TO, IN SOME SMALL WAY, MAKE REDRESS.

WHA—?
YOU!

AS LOYAL WARRIORS OF THE YL-CAAN, WE KNOW WHAT MUST NOW BE DONE.
OUR UNIT'S NO-WIN MECHANISM HAS BEEN ACTIVATED. IN A SHORT WHILE WE, THIS PLANET AND EVERY LIVING THING ON IT...

GHUUURK--

...WILL PERISH IN THE NAME OF WAR LORD MACKAL AND THE YL-CAAN!

NATURE OF THE BEAST!

EPISODE THREE

AS YOU CORRECTLY SURMISED, DOCTOR, THIS SO-CALLED 'BEAST' IS NONE OTHER THAN THE LADY IRNA — UNTIL RECENTLY THE WIFE OF OUR PSYCHOPATHIC WAR-LORD.

DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT? THAT A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SUCH AS IRNA ONCE WAS COULD BECOME SO DRASTICALLY ALTERED...
NO.
SHUT UP, FROBISHER.

"BUT AS THIS PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE BEGAN TO CLEANSE IRNA'S SYSTEM OF THE LETHAL POISON THAT COURSED THROUGH IT, WE DISCOVERED THAT THERE WAS A TERRIBLE PRICE TO PAY FOR HER LIFE..."
LUPE — MY ARM! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

"THE CHANGES TO HER PHYSIOLOGY WERE SOON IMPOSSIBLE TO DISGUISE, AND — SINCE WAR-LORD MACKAL WAS UNLIKELY TO TAKE KINDLY TO A WIFE WITH FUR AND FANGS — I HAD TO FIND SOME WAY TO SAFEGUARD HER."

"BLOODIED SCRAPS OF HER CLOTHING SERVED TO CONVINCE HON AND THE OTHERS THAT SHE'D BEEN MURDERED BY SOME WILD ANIMAL. I HOPED, NO — PRAYED, THAT SHE'D BE ALLOWED TO RUN FREE AFTER THAT."

BUT NO. THE HUNTS BEGAN AND IRNA FOUND HERSELF PURSUED AT EVERY TURN BY THE BLOODTHIRSTY MOB OF WHICH I WAS AN UNWILLING MEMBER. I KNEW THAT EVENTUALLY I WOULD BE FORCED TO TAKE MORE POSITIVE STEPS TO ENSURE HER SAFETY.

THE LOGICAL STEP SEEMED TO BE TO LEAVE THIS WORLD, BUT TESTS PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT IRNA NEEDED CONTINUED EXPOSURE TO ITS HEALING ATMOSPHERE TO SURVIVE. WITH THIS AVENUE OF ESCAPE CLOSED OFF, MY ONLY OPTION IS TO FACE HON AND KILL HIM...
IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO...

FOR THE WOMAN I HAVE COME TO LOVE.

AND THOUGH LUPE'S SOLUTION SEEMS UNNECESSARILY DRASTIC, IF HON REALLY DOES POSSESS THIS APOCALYPTIC BOMB, HE MUST BE STOPPED. THERE SEEMS LITTLE DOUBT THAT HE WILL DETONATE IT, RATHER THAN ACCEPT DEFEAT.
AND I CAN'T ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN!
DOCTOR, HURRY!
GOOD LUCK, IRNA. MUCH DEPENDS ON YOUR— AND OUR — SUCCESS TODAY.
DOCTOR?
HAAAGH!
GLAD YOU COULD JOIN OUR LITTLE PARTY, LUPE...

I FEARED FOR A MOMENT YOU WOULD MISS THIS PLEASANT REUNION.
CHAE — RELIEVE OUR GUEST OF THAT CUMBERSOME WEAPON.

BIND THEM SECURELY AND THEN LEAVE US.
LEAVE YOU? ARE YOU SURE?
QUITE SURE. I WISH TO HAVE WORDS WITH OUR TRAITOROUS MEDICAL OFFICER AND HIS ALLIES ALONE.

I'M PUZZLED, HON. SURELY OUR CAPTURE CAN MEAN NO REPRIEVE, FOR YOU AT THIS LATE STAGE? I'M INTERESTED TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO HAPPY.
I'M JUST INTERESTED TO KNOW WHY THIS LOT SEEM TO THINK I BELONG UPSIDE-DOWN.

YOU ARE CORRECT, MY FRIEND, THERE IS INDEED NO POSSIBILITY OF REPRIEVE. MY FINAL MESSAGE TO OUR WAR-LORD WAS SENT A SHORT TIME AGO. IN IT I ACKNOWLEDGED MY FAILURE AND INFORMED MACKAL I WAS PREPARED TO PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR THAT FAILURE.
TO THIS END I HAVE ALREADY ACTIVATED THE COUNTDOWN ON OUR NO-WIN DEVICE.
WHAT?!

AT A ROUGH ESTIMATE, I'D SAY THAT THIS PLANET HAS ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LEFT.
YOU'RE INSANE! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF AND THIS WHOLE PLANET, JUST TO SAVE FACE.
OH NO, NOTHING SO DRASTIC.

WHEN THIS PLANET DIES I, AND I ALONE, WILL BE SAFELY ENSCONCED IN MY SHUTTLE-CRAFT, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF MILES ABOVE THIS DOOMED MUDBALL. MACKAL WILL ASSUME I PERISHED WITH THE OTHERS AND INSTIGATE NO SEARCH.

I HAVE MY EYE ON A NICE LITTLE PLANET IN THE HYDRUS SYSTEM FOR MY RETIREMENT.

KAAROOOM

WELL, THERE HE GOES. I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO CHANCE OF CONVINCING THE OTHERS OF HIS TREACHERY?
NO POINT. EVEN IF YOU SUCCEEDED, HON WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE DEACTIVATED THE BOMB. FOR THAT MATTER, HON WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE.
HOW CAN YOU TWO DISCUSS THIS SO RATIONALLY?! WE'RE GOING TO DIE, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

THERE IS LITTLE WE CAN D—
IRNA!

HURRY, IRNA—THERE IS STILL A CHANCE WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE DOCTOR'S CRAFT. WE HAVE NO OPTION LEFT NOW; TO STAY HERE IS CERTAIN DEATH

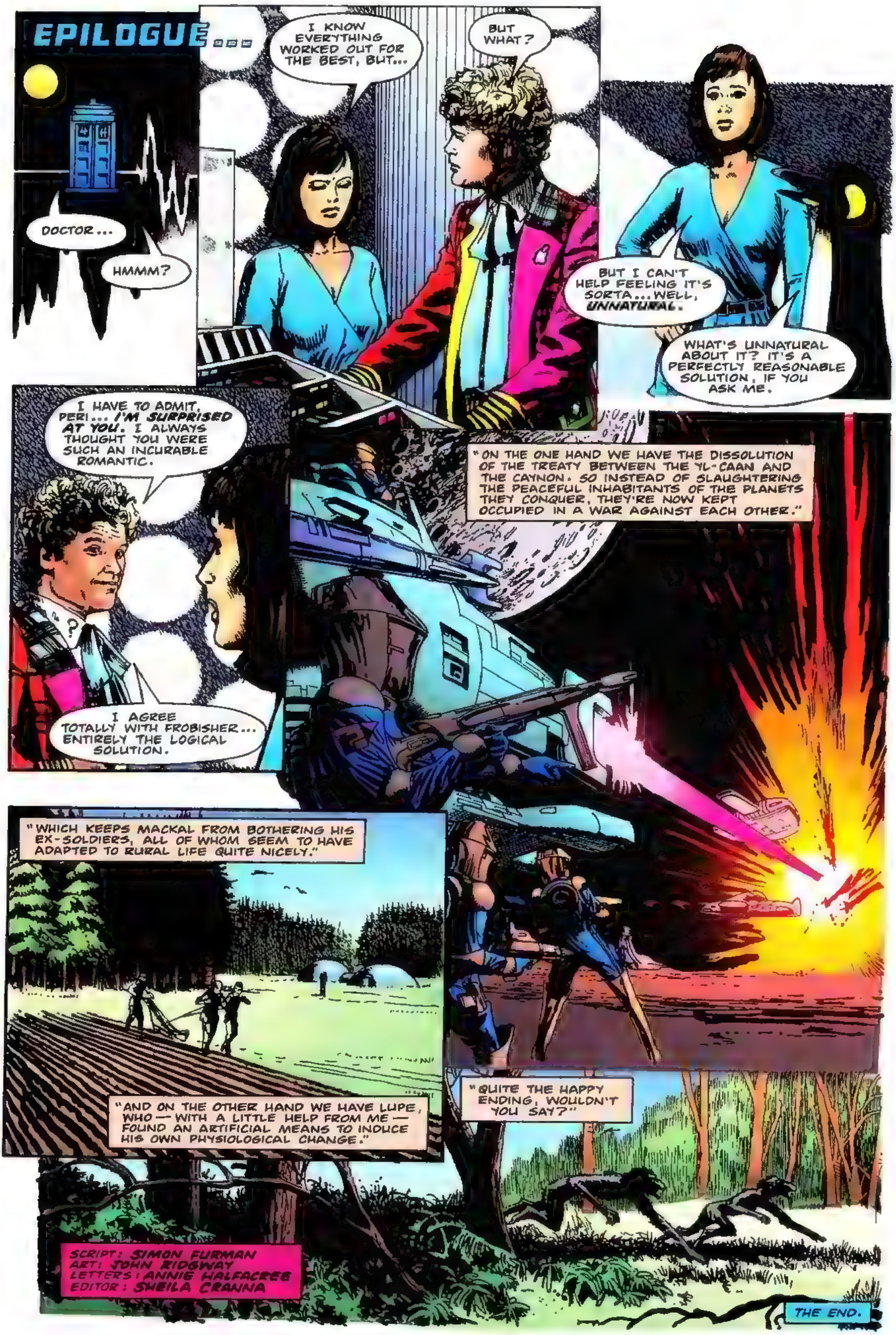
COME ALONG, MAN... THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE.
YES, HURRY— PLEASE.

RELAX, DOCTOR. I'VE JUST HEARD SOME VERY GOOD NEWS.
OH YES?
?
?

YES. I KNEW WHEN WE FIRST DECIDED ON THIS COURSE OF ACTION THAT WE HAD NO CHANCE OF FINDING THE NO-WIN DEVICE IN TIME TO PREVENT ITS DETONATION. BUT IRNA, WITH HER EXTREMELY ACUTE SENSES, DID.

ONCE SHE HAD FOUND THE DEVICE SHE RETURNED TO REPORT—ONLY TO FIND US ALL PRISONERS.

UNDERSTANDING HON'S INTENTION, SHE FELT THAT HE SHOULD HAVE SOME FORM OF GOING-AWAY PRESENT TO KEEP HIM COMPANY ON HIS LONG JOURNEY...


EPILOGUE...
DOCTOR...
HMMM?
I KNOW EVERYTHING WORKED OUT FOR THE BEST, BUT...
BUT WHAT?
BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING IT'S SORTA... WELL, UNNATURAL.
WHAT'S UNNATURAL ABOUT IT? IT'S A PERFECTLY REASONABLE SOLUTION, IF YOU ASK ME.
I HAVE TO ADMIT, PERI... I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH AN INCURABLE ROMANTIC.
?
I AGREE TOTALLY WITH FROBISHER... ENTIRELY THE LOGICAL SOLUTION.
"ON THE ONE HAND WE HAVE THE DISSOLUTION OF THE TREATY BETWEEN THE YL-CAAN AND THE CAYNON. SO INSTEAD OF SLAUGHTERING THE PEACEFUL INHABITANTS OF THE PLANETS THEY CONQUER, THEY'RE NOW KEPT OCCUPIED IN A WAR AGAINST EACH OTHER."
"WHICH KEEPS MACKAL FROM BOTHERING HIS EX-SOLDIERS, ALL OF WHOM SEEM TO HAVE ADAPTED TO RURAL LIFE QUITE NICELY."
"AND ON THE OTHER HAND WE HAVE LUPE, WHO — WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM ME — FOUND AN ARTIFICIAL MEANS TO INDUCE HIS OWN PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGE."
"QUITE THE HAPPY ENDING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?"
SCRIPT: SIMON FURMAN
ART: JOHN RIDGWAY
LETTERS: ANNIE HALFACREE
EDITOR: SHEILA CRANNA
THE END.

COMING NEXT ISSUE:
?

IDWords

Musings & Hot Mustard from IDW's Director of Retail Marketing, Dirk Wood

IDW PUBLISHING IN MARCH: BEWARE THE TITLES OF MARCH!

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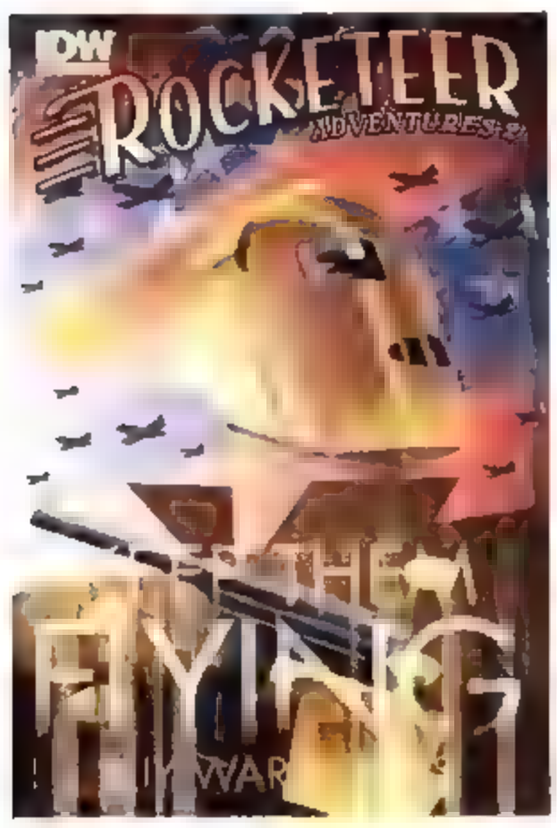
Spring is in the air, and I'm not in town to mess around! Need to do some spring cleaning, and make a little room for all the great books we've got showing up in March! It's probably time to get rid of this old encyclopedia set for starters, people keep telling me about this thing called "the Internet."



Well, good thing I've got the shelf space, because we've got a ton of great books coming as usual. But I need to clear a little space in a long box, too, because our comic launches this month are ridiculous!

How about the return of the *Rocketeer Adventures* anthology, for example? **Dave Stevens'** greatest creation is back, brought to life by some of the best creators in the business!

And get ready for one of the most unique creator-owned books to come along in years! **Mike Costa** (*Cobra*), sleight-of-hand artist **Jon Armstrong**, and acclaimed artist **Ryan Browne** launch *Smoke & Mirrors*! A stage magician in a world where magic triumphs over technology, and he must use trickery and illusion to survive! Each issue contains an actual trick, too!

Ah, Springtime. It's magic.

—Dirk

COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS • COMICS

30 Days of Night #5
Cobra #11
Danger Girl: Revolver #3
Doctor Who #15
Doctor Who Classics: Series IV #2
Dorothy of Oz Prequel #1
Dungeons & Dragons: Eberron Annual 2012
Ghostbusters #7
G.I. Joe: A Real American Hero #176
GI JOE: Infestation 2 #1 (Bi-Weekly)
GI JOE: Infestation 2 #2 (Bi-Weekly)
G.I. Joe #11
G.I. Joe II Movie Prequel #3
Godzilla Legends #5
Hawken #5
Locke & Key: Clockworks #6
Magic: The Gathering #4
Memorial #4
Next Men: Aftermath #41
Road Rage #2
Rocketeer Adventures, Vol. 2 #1
Smoke & Mirrors #1
Snake Eyes #11
Star Trek 100-Page Spectacular
Star Trek/Legion of Superheroes #6
Star Trek #7
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles #8
TMNT: Infestation 2 #1 (Bi-Weekly)
TMNT: Infestation 2 #2 (Bi-Weekly)
Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #3
Transformers: Robots in Disguise #3

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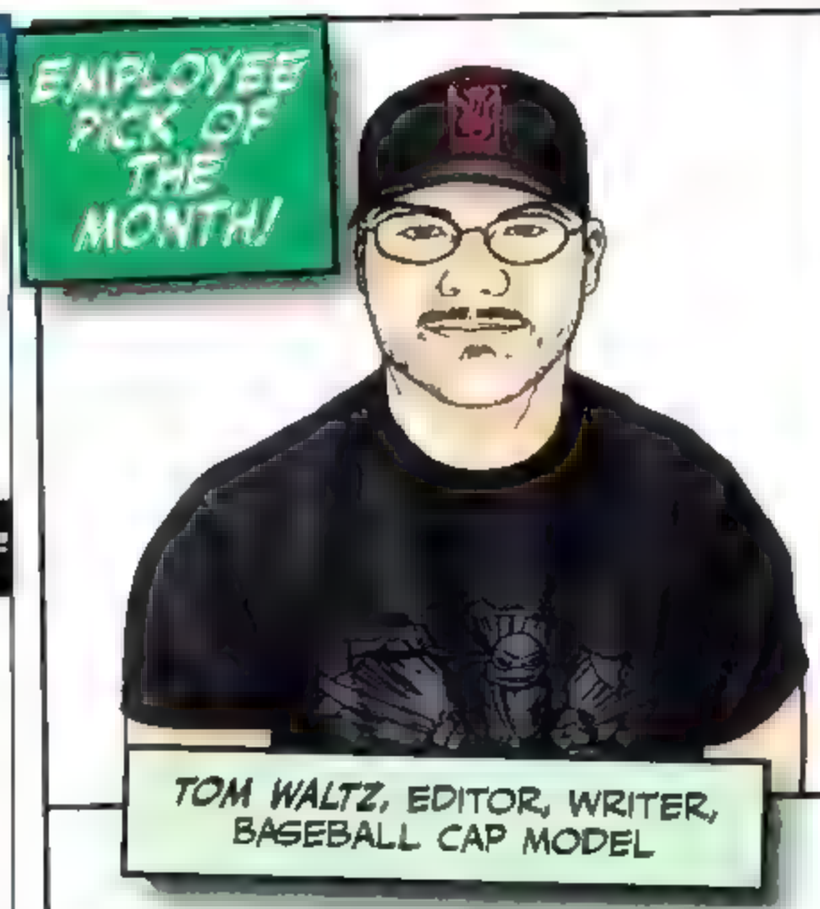
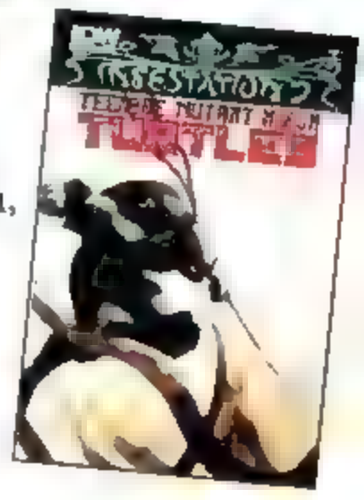
Transformers, Vol. 7: Chaos TPB
True Blood, Vol. 3: French Quarter HC
Zombies vs Robots: Ashley Wood Portfolio
Zombies vs Robots: This Means War TPB



Ghostbusters, Vol. 1

Wow! Another great month of books from IDW! I'm super stoked about the release of the *Ghostbusters Volume 1* trade paperback collection—a top-notch compilation of our first four issues of the awesome new ongoing mega-hit series!

Plus, plenty of TMNT goodness happening, too, including Turtle Power flexing its mean, green muscles in IDW's massive INFESTATION 2 event! Like I said... GREAT MONTH!



BAH, HEMBECK! BY FRED HEMBECK

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